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Mrs. Graham

Creative Writing – 1:00

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Humans are Liars and Wimps

Sometimes I wake up and hate everything, including myself. I go throughout the day feeling sick and disgusted with myself and the world around me, for the simplest and most complex things imaginable. The idiots in my World Geography class, the way my hair looks, or the way my physics teacher is intimidating and an irritable tree-killer. These things drive me insane on a daily basis and they all meld together in one big rage the swims around in my head. Rage can turn a person’s thoughts very, very ugly and can make them seem like a totally different person. By looking at me however, you would only see a fraction of how angry I am. I hide a majority of it.

It’s almost as if we wear masks to hide our emotions. We try to keep a happy Stepford smile on our lips, when in reality we might feel like killing ourselves or the people around us. These masks are necessary though, because saying that we felt like killing ourselves or others would alarm those around us and create a bunch of unnecessary drama that just complicates our lives even more. Nobody wants to be called into the counselor’s office and questioned about your feelings. It’s like being under a microscope while people pick you apart and tell you what’s wrong with you.

Take last weekend for example. I was late to work on Sunday and I was in a sickening rage all day. Did anybody notice? No, because I hide it underneath my adorably dimpled smile. It was also unknown to everyone that I felt like ripping the eyes out of everyone that looked at me, because I’m angry. I was angry that I had to write this paper, I was angry about physics, I was angry about the Fall Play, I was angry about everything! Where does it all come from? Why do I always feel so enraged at the world that I eventually become some irritable girl that snaps for the tiniest things?

Reflecting on the days that I’ve felt so horrible and angry, I have realized that it only takes one thing to set a person off, and then their whole day might possibly be ruined. Destroyed, obliterated, just because of one small event. Last week, I got into an argument with my mom and by fifth period I was crying in the bathroom near entrance from the senior lot. I left the World Geography room and passed Mr. Davis.

“You doin’ okay?” he asked as I made a beeline for my locker.

A shake of my head and an abrupt no told him pretty much all he needed to know. “There anything I can do to help?”

Another shake and I went back into the room after a few moments. I sat there and felt the tears start running down my cheeks. *“Great,”* I thought to myself. *“Now I’m crying like a stupid little baby in front of everyone.”* Anyone who’s ever wound up crying in class knows it’s one of the most embarrassing experiences out there, and this is especially true if you only like two or three of the people in the class.

I don’t like people, I think about the various ways I could kill someone in my head many times throughout the day. I would never actually kill someone though, because most of the time it’s satisfying enough to just imagine it. Why though? Maybe I’m like an alligator. The part of their brain that creates anger or whatever, the medulla oblongata, is really big and that’s why they’re so aggressive. Is it possible for a human to have a large medulla oblongata?

Who says it has to be scientific, though? I think it could very well be a defense mechanism due to some kind of trauma I’ve suffered. In fact, I know that it is. My self-esteem has been on a downhill slope ever since I first had my dad tell me that I was fat. Over the years I built up an aggressive personality in order to shield myself from people. I act like I don’t care, I say whatever I want to, and I walk around looking like I want to slit the throat of anyone that gets too close.

It’s all an act though. In reality, I am weak and vulnerable. I need people to hold my hand through things so that I don’t get frustrated trying to figure them out on my own and pull my hair out. It’s like I’m wearing a mask, which in reality doesn’t make me any different from anyone else. Everyone else wears masks too. Life is a masquerade party and our masks are stuck to our faces until we are completely and utterly alone. Then, we stare at ourselves in the mirror as we take the mask off and assess ourselves. What are the qualities we have that have to be covered up by the mask? What additions to our mask do we have to make in order to hide the parts of ourselves that society won’t like?

In my case, it’s the sensitivity. It’s the anxiety issues I face, it’s the fact that I need help with a lot of things and that I’m really not as smart as everyone seems to think I am. I didn’t mean for my mask to make me look smart, I’m just a good liar. Today I smiled so much my face hurts, because I had to cover up my displeasure of constantly blowing up balloons for jerks who have the disposable income to spend on stupid things that will eventually be popped and thrown away, or the old people who get offended when I ask for a donation to whatever charity we’re sponsoring this month because they’re stuck in their old ways and are selfish cotton-tops who all need to be put in homes. Do they know that I’m really angry and I just want to leap across the counter and smack them? No, they don’t, because I just smile and say, “Have a nice day!” like a good little drone.

Some humans are very easily disturbed, and we all wear masks to cover up just how disturbed we are by the things that irritate us. On the days where I feel like I hate everything, I put on my mask and try to convince everyone I’m perfectly okay. Sometimes people can see into the cracks in our masks, because let’s be honest, no mask can perfectly cover up your problems. It’s a complicated conclusion I’m trying to reach here. All I’m saying is that humans are a bunch of easily agitated liars that are hiding from themselves as often as they can. Nobody wants the truth anymore. I’m not even sure if I want it anymore.